

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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MARCH 16, 1919

Connie's Luck.

BY WINIFRED ARNOLD.



CONNIE came and peeped around the corner of the half-open door which separated her room from Cousin May's.

"O Cousin May," she cried, "please let me come back and help you finish dressing for the party. I won't get in

Aunt Marcia's way again, honestly, and I'll"— Suddenly her pleading tone changed to one of the greatest admiration.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she cried excitedly. "O Cousin May, I never saw anything so beautiful in my life as you are!"

Pretty, grown-up Cousin May turned around and laughed, with her two pink cheeks growing pinker and pinker.

"Is there a Blarney-stone down in Virginia as well as over in Ireland?" she said. "Because I am sure you must have kissed one just before you came up here to live."

Connie shook her head. "I don't know what you mean, Cousin May," she answered, "but you're just the prettiest, sweetest young lady I ever saw, and I've just got to hug you! Will it muss your dress too much?"

She flew across the room, threw her arms around her cousin's neck and kissed her rapturously. Then, stepping away, she began again to admire.

"Oh, look at the lovely little silver moon in your cap! What did you say you were, Cousin May?"

"Can't you guess?" Cousin May whirled lightly about on the tips of her little black satin slippers. Her gown was of filmy black tulle, spangled all over with silver stars. On her black hair was a cunning little black cap above which soared a silver crescent moon on invisible wires.

"Oh, yes," cried Connie. "How stupid of me to ask you again! You're Night, of course,—the Queen of the Night! Oh, how I wish I could be a firefly and go with you! I'd shut up my wings when anybody but you was looking."

"You may be Day instead and put out the Stars," laughed Cousin May, putting her big soft cloak into Connie's hands. "Throw it around,—see?—and out they go!"

"And only the moon left, just as it is sometimes when there aren't any stars," cried Connie, gaily. "But wait! Just one minute, Cousin May; I want to cross your back three times for luck, so you'll be sure to have a good time. It's Friday night, you see, and really not a good night for a party."

"Your father's ready, May." It was Aunt Marcia's voice at the door. "Didn't you hear the horn? Why, Connie, what are you doing?"

"Just crossing May's back for luck," explained Connie, excitedly. "You see, it's Friday night. Oh, doesn't she look too beautiful for words, Aunt Marcia! Just like a princess in a fairy-tale!"

"Oh, wait a minute, May, do! I want to get you my rabbit's foot." She dashed away into her own room. "Don't you go till I come," she called back. "It will make all the difference."

"What a superstitious child she is!" said Mrs. Burns, as she and her daughter stepped out into the hall and started downstairs. "I suppose it's because she was brought up by those Negro servants. I don't want to scold her. She's such a sweet, unselfish little thing, and she hasn't seemed very happy of late. But I must think of some good way of showing her how foolish she is to believe in such things."

"But you mustn't wait for her, dear. There's the automobile horn again, and you know your father has to go to the train with Mr. Knapp after leaving you at the Chapter House. Good-by, daughter dear. Hurry now, and I'll explain to Connie."

Five minutes later, Connie appeared in the library, with her eyes full of tears. "O Aunt Marcia," she wailed, "I've lost my rabbit's foot! Isn't that terrible? That's why I've been so dreadfully unlucky lately. I wonder what can have become of it."

"Unlucky?" Aunt Marcia looked a little puzzled.

"Oh, yes. Haven't you noticed how things have been going wrong? Why, I'm just as unlucky as I can be. I haven't been standing a bit well at school, and this afternoon I only sold two Thrift Stamps when we girls were out canvassing. I hate so to go and ask people—and some of them are so cross! And to-night, you see, I didn't get down in time to see May off! And Sally couldn't come over. And see the heel of my sock—look at the mess it's in! Oh, yes, Aunt Marcia, I'm terribly unlucky. I can't even find a four-leafed clover or see the new moon. I thought I must have frightened a black cat, but I see now it was the rabbit's foot."

In spite of herself, Aunt Marcia leaned back in her chair and laughed. "And so you really think black cats and rabbits' feet and four-leafed clovers would help you in your lessons and your stamp-selling and knitting, and even in seeing May off?" she said.

"Oh, yes, Aunt Marcia! And seeing the new moon over my left shoulder. I've never tried that much before, but old Aunt Clancy said that was the one thing that wouldn't change when I came away up here to live."

"Oh, that reminds me, Aunt Marcia,—you don't mind, do you? I've turned my bed around, so that if I wake up in the middle of the night and see the new moon, it will be over my left shoulder."

"The new moon! In the middle of the

night?" began Mrs. Burns, but Connie never noticed.

"Oh, I've thought of another place where the rabbit's foot might be," she said. "Do excuse me, Aunt Marcia, while I go and look."

But when she came back again she was more disconsolate than ever. And when her aunt suggested that they should try to straighten out the heel of the sock together, she shook her head.

"It's not the slightest bit of use trying while the luck is running against me," she said mournfully. "Any more than it is studying. I reckon I'll just take that new library book and read a while and then go up to bed."

She turned away sadly.

But it was a very different Connie who appeared at the breakfast-table the next morning—a Connie just bubbling over with happiness and gaiety.

"O Aunt Marcia!" she cried, dancing in. "O Aunt Marcia, Uncle Phil! My luck has changed! My luck has changed! Isn't that gorgeous?" Flying around the table she kissed them both before dropping into her seat.

"Oh, goody, coffee-ring!" she cried then. "Just what I like best! O dear Aunt Marcia, it is so nice to have your luck changed at last!"

"Why, what has happened?" queried Uncle Phil, laying down his paper. "Why all this joy? I should think you'd been to the party instead of May."

"If I had I'd probably be in bed—like May," laughed Connie. "No, Uncle Phil, I waked up in the night and saw the new moon over my left shoulder. And I had money under my pillow, too. I always sleep with it there on purpose. And I made three wishes and went right to sleep again."

"The new moon! On that side of the house!" began Uncle Phil, but Aunt Marcia cut him short.

"Connie knows a great many strange things about luck that you and I never heard of," she said, with her funny little smile. "We must wait and see how this turns out. Tell me, Connie dear, how you are going to use the luck."

"Well, first I'd like to take breakfast up to Cousin May, when she's ready, and hear all about the party. And then I'll go out and sell my stamps. I shall go to every house on the street. They can't say 'no' to me to-day."

At lunch-time she was back again happier than ever.

"You never saw anything so lucky as I've been," she cried; "sold every single stamp I had, and a good many of Sally Cartwright's. Everything went so grandly that I even went back to some of the people that were cross yesterday and sort of laughed, you know, and asked them if they hadn't changed their minds; and they laughed too, and said they reckoned they

had. What do you think of that for luck, Uncle Phil?"

"Why, I should call it good salesmanship, myself," said Uncle Phil, with a twinkle; "but of course if you want to lay it to that new moon that poked itself into your northeast window at midnight, why you know best."

But Connie took that matter very seriously. "Why, of course it was the moon, Uncle Phil," she said. "That was the special sign that Aunt Clancy gave me when I came away. She said everything else up here would be changed, but the moon wouldn't. It was such a beautiful little moon, May. Just like the one in your crown!"

"O May, that reminds me. What did you say the man wore—the one that represented the Sun? I was trying to tell Sally Cartwright."

In the afternoon Uncle Phil took them all out driving; and Connie sat on the front seat and chatted every minute, to the intense amusement of Aunt Marcia and Cousin May and a friend of Cousin May's, who sat on the back seat.

Right after dinner Sally Cartwright came over and the two girls went upstairs to study. "You see, it's some use to study now," explained Connie, with shining eyes, "after seeing the moon. I'm going to try to wake up and see it again to-night. And Sally and I are going early to Sunday-school to-morrow and start out and win an attendance prize."

For the rest of the week Connie's wonderful "luck" lasted. Her marks at school were fine, she got all three of her wishes, the rabbit's foot appeared mysteriously under her pillow one morning, she sold more Thrift Stamps than any other girl in her grade, even the heel of her sock yielded to a little light-hearted persistence, and Connie was soon knitting on merrily toward the toe, and teaching Sally, to boot.

"They say the toe's even harder than the heel," warned Sally, but Connie just laughed.

"I don't mind things being hard," she said. "That isn't it! I can work as hard as anybody if I know the luck's with me. Why, just look how everything's gone this week—since I saw that new moon."

Aunt Marcia, who sat across the room, laid down her knitting and looked at the two little girls.

"Connie," she said, "now that you have thoroughly tried it out, I'm going to tell you something.

"That new moon that you saw was the new moon in Cousin May's cap. After I helped her undress and turned out her light, I opened the door into your room and went in to see if you were covered up nicely. And I noticed that she had hung the cap just where a long slanting beam of the old moon fell across it. It did look lovely, Connie, just as you said. And you waked while I was there.

"And the rabbit's foot had been safely hidden away all the time in the pocket of your blue dress, where I found it when I went to mend it. Your luck this week has been made up of Hard Work and Good Spirits and the Will to Succeed! And if you take those three talismans to help you, dear, you can have good luck all your life."

"And also," chuckled Uncle Phil, from around his paper, "a little astronomy wouldn't be such a bad idea—if you want

to know where and when to look for new moons."

Not in the clamor of the crowded street, Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,

But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat.

LONGFELLOW.

The Bluebird's Song.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

DO you know where the bluebird learned his song

That he seems to sing the whole day long?

Well, here is the secret made plain to you Of that song that is sung by the birdie blue.

He was winging along one bright, sunny day, Far through a woodland's hidden way,

When he heard a brooklet's merry tune Down in a vale where the pine trees croon.

The bluebird stopped, and he listened long To what seemed to him a wonderful song.

Then suddenly he, on his willow spray, Decided to practice the brook's roundelay.

He succeeded so well that ever since then He sings the brook's song to the ears of men;

And whenever you hear him piping away, You'll think, I am sure, of the brook's merry lay!

The Star Club.

EVERY member of the Club received a letter yesterday which said,

"Meet me at the Windmill at eight o'clock sharp.

Sadalsuud, The Luckiest of the Lucky."

None of us had ever heard of Mr. Sadalsuud, but of course we all wanted to meet such a lucky person. So right after dinner the grown-ups and the little-ups from all the houses on Wentworth Farm walked in the dark through the garden and down the pasture-hill to the edge of the woods where the Windmill stood by the spring. That night there was no wind, and its great wheel stood still or just made a mournful creaking noise as it half turned high in the air. It looked kind of creepy up there all black against the sky, and the little-ups were quite glad they had brought their grown-ups along. We all went around by the door which opened into the Windmill. It was closed and locked. Just as the great Drexel clock across the valley chimed eight, it suddenly opened and who should be there but the Captain!

The little-ups hollered like anything and made a rush at him, but he wouldn't let any one in until they gave the countersign, which was "Sadalsuud." Most of the little-ups said "Saddle-suds," but he let them pass anyway. Then we all climbed around and around and up and up a winding stairway and up and up and up rickety ladders, until suddenly the Captain popped open a trap-door and there we all were on a platform a hundred feet above the ground, with the big black wheel just over us, and above that a whole skyful of stars.

It was a wonderful place for star-gazing,

with no trees or buildings to get in the way. Every one said how smart and clever the Captain was to think of it. He said he couldn't help it, he was just born that way. Then we looked around for Mr. Lucky Saddleuds, and what do you suppose—he was just an old star!

First the Captain showed us near the middle of the sky the great Square of Pegasus, which is made up of four bright stars. The Captain said that Pegasus was a white-winged horse that was born when the blood of Medusa touched the water as Perseus skimmed over the ocean wearing his winged shoes and bearing the dripping head of the Gorgon. Years afterwards Bellerophon caught Pegasus with a magic bridle, and rode him when he killed the Chimera.

The member from New York looked at the Square carefully and said that it didn't look much like a horse, and that it was probably the box-stall in which Pegasus lived, and that to-night he was out in pasture.

Just below the Square the Captain pointed out a "Y" whose top-bars curved over. One of the little-ups said that he guessed that Perseus had been a Yale man and had probably won his "Y" in track-athletics with his winged shoes and that was the "Y." The Captain, however, told us that Perseus himself was in another part of the sky still carrying that Gorgon's head, and that the "Y" was really a big curly-eared water-jar such as they used in old times, and was a part of the constellation Aquarius, the Water Carrier. He is pouring water from the jar right into the mouth of the Southern Fish, which is marked by Fomalhaut, one of the first-magnitude stars. The Captain showed us how the right-hand side of the Square pointed directly down toward Fomalhaut, which lies low on the horizon. He said that Fomalhaut was one of the four Royal Stars and is the King of the North.

One of the grown-ups said that he had climbed miles and miles up into the air and risked his life to meet Sadalsuud, and that he wasn't going to be satisfied with any Fomalhauts or Southern Fishes or Winged Horses. So the Captain showed us first a star in a line and to the right of the middle star of the "Y." There was Sadalmelik, or the Luck-Star of Kings, and it marked one of the shoulders of the Carrier. The member from New York said that Sadalmelik was wasting his time shining over the United States where there weren't any such things as kings. Another grown-up, who is in politics, said that we'd better let Sadalmelik shine on, for there were bosses.

"Now," said the Captain, "are you all ready?" We said we were. So he told us to hold our breath and make a wish while he showed us Sadalsuud, the Luckiest of the Lucky. It was only a faint star farther over on the right and below Sadalmelik. The Captain took so long pointing it out that we all had to breathe. Then he told us if our wishes didn't come true it was our own fault. Sadalsuud and he had done all they could for us.

The Wellesley grown-up, who hadn't held her breath at all, told us that she had read that Aquarius was called Ku-ur-ku the Lord of Canals by the Akkadians who lived before even Babylon was built. The Captain said that he didn't remember that far

back, but that the Egyptians used to believe that the rising of the Nile came when Aquarius set in the sky and sank his huge water-jar in the river to fill it. The New York member said that Sadalsuud and Sadalmelik and Fomalhaut were bad enough, but he drew the line at trying to remember Ku-ur-ku. The Wellesley grown-up was quite mad, but the Captain changed the subject by telling us that the star at the center of the water-jar was unnamed, but was almost exactly on the line of the sky-equator which runs over our earth equator.

The last star he showed us was the Snake-Star Sadachbia, the Lucky Star of Creeping Things, which was in the base of the "Y." The Captain explained to the little-ups, as we all climbed down to the ground, that in the old days people believed more in luck than in work. Since then it has been discovered that working and helping will do more for a grown-up or a little-up than any star that ever shone.

SAMUEL SCOVILLE, Jr.,
in *Sunday School Times*.

Uncle Peter's Story of a Queer Baby.

BY FRANCES MARGARET FOX.

ONE day Baby Peggy cried in the morning because she didn't want to eat her oatmeal. She dropped her spoon and opened her mouth wide and cried. Uncle Peter was there visiting.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "do bring some grasshoppers quick,—and bugs and beetles, and katydids! Fill her mouth with dragonflies and bees and wasps and gnats. She must be ever so hungry to cry like that!"

The children around the table began to laugh, and Peggy stopped crying; she shut her mouth tight, too, and stared hard at Uncle Peter. She leaned away over in her high-chair until her head rested on her mother's shoulder while she continued to gaze at that strange uncle.

"I knew a baby last summer where I was out camping," Uncle Peter went on as if he had not said anything unusual, "I knew a baby that always cried like that except when he was asleep or when his mother was stuffing bugs and worms in his mouth. He used to cry 'Yap! Yap! Yap!' until I pitied his mother. She used to fly to him with a big green grasshopper and stuff it down his throat, and almost before she had time to turn around, open would go his mouth, and 'Yap-yap-yap!'—and there he was yapping again!"

"Tell more," urged Baby Peggy.

"I will when I see you take a taste of grasshoppers—I mean oatmeal!" was the answer.

Peggy laughed with the children. Then she dipped her spoon in the oatmeal and began to eat like a proper child at the table.

"Now you look more like your mother's baby," Uncle Peter told her.

Peggy laughed aloud.

"And you sound like her baby," were Uncle Peter's next words. "Now if you will eat your breakfast without making me feel as if I am sitting beside a baby bluejay, I will tell you more about the ways of that queer baby at camp. He was a young bluejay, and when I saw him first I didn't know what to think.

"You remember the homely little old pin-cushion in Grandma's kitchen, the one that hangs by the south window and always has big darning-needles sticking in it?"

The children remembered; Grandma had mended their mittens with needles from that cushion and had sent the boys there when they were looking for strong needles to mend balls with and do things like that.

"Well, then," Uncle Peter went on, "the baby bluejay reminded me of that cushion, and his five brothers and sisters looked the same. He was in a big nest with them, high up in a tree, and he certainly looked like a pin-cushion that was mostly head and legs for trimmings. When he opened his mouth wide, it looked as if he might split his pin-cushion.

"He was hungry all the time. I never saw anything like his appetite. His mother worked her feathers to a frazzle trying to fill his stomach. Still he would cry and complain and whine and fuss for more grasshoppers, more bugs, more bees, more worms, more everything! All he did for days was to eat and sleep and cry for more.

"The poor baby was really hungry all the time; he needed much food to make

the feathers grow. Every day his nakedness was covered by more feathers and more feathers and soon he was wearing a new suit of blue and black and white. Even after he left his nest, though, and was big as his mother, he was nothing but a cry-baby for a long time, and his mother had to feed him."

After Baby Peggy had eaten her oatmeal and the family were through breakfast, something beautiful happened. A handsome bluejay came to the bird-bath to drink. The children all saw him bend his fine topknot and drink water; they admired his glorious blue feathers and his wings and tail trimmed with black and white bands.

"Were you the baby that yapped all summer out at camp?" Uncle Peter asked the bluejay.

That wasn't a fair question, but the bluejay winked at Uncle Peter before he flew away; then he called over his shoulder,

"Jay—Jay—Jay!"

The children laughed; and next morning when Baby Peggy, all smiles, began eating her breakfast, she said to Uncle Peter,

"Please tell it again about your queer baby?"



By Margaret S. Hitchcock

THE NEW POSSESSION.



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

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Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

10 BELKNAP STREET,
ARLINGTON, MASS

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Arlington Universalist Sunday school. My minister's name is Reverend Frank Lincoln Massek.

I am thirteen years old. I go to the Junior High School.

I get *The Beacon* every Sunday and I enjoy it very much.

My Sunday school teacher is Miss Yerrinton. I would like to join the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,

UNA WILKINS.

VINELAND, N.J.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian church and Sunday school.

I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club.

I enjoy the little stories and the Recreation Corner. I think reading this magazine is a good occupation for girls and boys Sunday afternoons, for it is hard to find things to do.

Yours truly,

MARY R. MITCHELL.

SOUTH STREET,
MEDFIELD, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club and wear its button. I like the stories in *The Beacon*.

I go to the Unitarian Sunday school and my teacher's name is Mr. Lincoln and I like him very much. Yours truly,

CARLTON DIX.

Betty and Her Pets.

BY VIVA CLARK.

4. WHEN FLUFFY GOT AWAY.

SOMEbody told Betty that she ought to put the rabbits on the ground. One nice warm day she found an old chicken-yard with wire top and sides, and she thought it was just the thing for the bunnies. She carried it out by the flower-garden, put the rabbits into it, and watched them. They didn't do anything but nibble grass, so she thought she would go over to see what the trouble was in the pigeon-house.

The pigeons weren't very happy; Dick and Downy had disagreed, and Dick was chasing her all about the yard. Betty chased him into the house and shut the door upon him. Then Prince caught his little red foot in the wire, and some of the younger birds were driving one another out of the water-pan, and it took some time to get them all straightened out.

When she did go back to the rabbits, what do you suppose was happening? That naughty Fluffy was making a hole right under the yard; Betty could see him digging with his short front feet, and throwing the dirt up back of him in a little pile. Just before she got to him, he squeezed himself out and ran. Betty stopped long enough to stuff some grass in the hole so Snowball wouldn't run away too, then she followed the flying bunny. He ran straight toward Mr. Adams's stable, where his big cat, Teddy, lived. Just then Teddy came out, saw little Fluffy, and began to creep toward him, hiding behind the tufts of grass. When Fluffy was almost up to him, the cat jumped. Poor little Fluffy stopped so quickly that he turned a somersault in the air, and for a minute, rabbit and cat were so mixed up that Betty couldn't see what was happening. But before Teddy could hurt Fluffy, Betty reached them and caught up the little frightened rabbit. His heart was beating so fast that it felt to Betty as her wrist had when she had the fever. He was so terrified that she didn't scold him at all; she just put him back in the house with Snowball and gave him some extra nice plantain leaves to eat. But it

was a long time that day before Fluffy stopped stamping at every sound, and for weeks he was afraid of Tom, the yellow and white cat, who never troubled him at all.

Betty was very fond of Tom, and everywhere she went, Tom, like Mary's little lamb, went too. And he generally wanted Betty to carry him. Even when she had her hands full of grain, Tom would come along and beg her to carry him. And good-natured little Betty would pick up the heavy cat in one hand, and carry the grain in the other.

But there was one thing about Tom that she didn't like. Jane, the gray mother cat, had four little kittens, and Betty played with them so much that Tom was jealous and hated them. He knew, though, that Betty wouldn't like it if he didn't treat them well. So what do you suppose that bad cat did? When he thought Betty couldn't see him, he would shake those poor baby cats until they would mew piteously. But if Betty came round the corner, he would lick their heads, and rub against them, and purr as though to say, "See how nice I am to those kittens!" Betty talked and talked to him, but he only shut his eyes, spread his claws, and purred. And he liked to climb on the roof of the pigeon-house and watch the birds with his greedy green eyes. But he couldn't get at them; he could only frighten them. I was going to tell you how the pigs and rabbits hated to have the pigeons fly over their heads, wasn't I? Betty didn't know this until one day, after she let the birds out, she saw that every time they flew over the rabbits and pigs, the bunnies stamped and the pigs made the queer thrilling noise that they sometimes gave when she was whistling near them. She asked Daddy why it was, and he said that great fierce birds like eagles and hawks often swooped down and caught up poor little pigs and rabbits, so every time they saw a big bird over them, they thought it might be an enemy. The hens were frightened, too, and even Peter Pan and Buttercup didn't like to see a pigeon fly over when they were in their cages on the piazza. But the pigeons never paid any attention. About this time, though, the pigeons had a new arrival in their yard which they didn't like at all.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XLVII.

I am composed of 24 letters.
My 3, 15, 24, is to permit.
My 12, 2, 13, 16, is an entrance.
My 7, 4, 8, is a portion.
My 1, 11, 14, 5, is a vegetable we were asked to eat to conserve wheat.
My 6, 10, 5, is a contraction for even.
My 9, 20, is a male.
My 19, 15, 22, is to view.
My 21, 22, 19, 24, is a garment.
My 23, 17, 18, 19, 20, is not tight.
My whole was a noted American.

BERNADINE C. BARKER.

ENIGMA XLVIII.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 15, 2, 6, 4, is a toy that children blow.
My 10, 11, 12, 9, is the opposite of fat.
My 1, 11, 12, 9, is a girl's name.
My 5, 16, 21, 10, is the opposite of boy.
My 21, 22, 19, 24, is a color.
My 14, 15, 16, 17, 20, is a color.
My 13, 7, 8, is money paid or due a professional man.
My 3, 19, 18, is to strike.
My whole is a great poet.

VIRGINIA SAFFORD.

TWISTED TREES.

- | | |
|-----------|---------------|
| 1. Sha. | 7. Khicryo. |
| 2. Adree. | 8. Ako. |
| 3. Lme. | 9. Pleam. |
| 4. Ipen. | 10. Mehkcol. |
| 5. Chirb. | 11. Rspcue. |
| 6. Eebhc. | 12. Nuttesch. |

ARTHUR JOLLY.

WITH "US" AWAY.

1. A celebrated character in German fiction would be corpulent.
 2. The genius of poetry would be simply myself.
 3. Our dwelling would become a mere garden tool.
 4. Custom or habit becomes oldness.
 5. One who escorts people to seats becomes a woman.
 6. To wake or stir up becomes fish eggs.
- The Myrtle.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 22.

ENIGMA XLIII.—Versailles.

ENIGMA XLIV.—Our Dumb Animals.

TWISTED NAMES OF SHAKESPERIAN PLAYS.—

1. Coriolanus.
2. Julius Cesar.
3. Hamlet.
4. Macbeth.
5. As You Like It.
6. Twelfth Night.
7. King Lear.
8. Othello.
9. The Tempest.
10. King John.

THREE CHARADES.—I. Alfalfa. II. Barkentine. III. Library.

ANIMAL SQUARES.—

- | | | |
|---------|---------|---------|
| 1. PUMA | 2. WOLF | 3. HART |
| URAL | OPAL | ALOE |
| MART | LANE | ROLL |
| ALTO | FLEE | TELL |

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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